### "SOLOMON'S MINES."

RUINS TRAVESTIED UNDER THAT NAME.

THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND. Being a Record of Excavation and Exploration in 1891. By Theodore Bent, F. S. A., F. R. G. S. With a Chapter on the Orientation and Mensuration of the Temples by R. M. W. Swan. Pp. xl. 376. Longmans, Green & Co.

According to preconceived notions, South Afcica would be the last place on earth to look for extensive remains of a prehistoric civilization The people who believe in the spontaneous generation of folk-lore, and of the ideas and in ventions which elevate humanity, have all along pointed to Africa as the home of primitivism, of the natural man, and of the very beginning of things in sociology, religion and the like. Their theories were strengthened rather than weakened by the earlier discoverers of the ruins in Mashonaland, who went off prematurely into hysterics respecting Solomon's Mines, because the search for and the periodical discovery of the Land of Ophir had become a joke as well worn as that of the sailors who tell how they have seen the wheels of Pharach's chariot hauled up from the bottom of the Red Sea on the flukes of an anchor. But when real investigations were undertaken it was found that, so far as mines were concerned, the earlier narratives were well within the bounds of truth, and that the error consisted in hanging the facts to an hypothesis that could not be proven, and had no value, even if it could be shown to be true. For at best the connection of Solomon with the long course of Phoenician commerce was but a momentary and triffing affair, an incident almost modern, compared with the preceding ages during which noenicians had carried on the trade of the Mediterranean and the Arabian Seas. While the old Egyptian legend concerning the Land of Punt, which rose to the dignity of history on the monuments of King Saukhkara, who employed a seaman, Hannu-most likely a Phoenician, if his name is any criterion-to open up trade with the people on the African and Asiatic coasts below the mouth of the Red Sea, comes near the chronological necessity of the case; yet the Egyptian account of Punt is so vague that nothing can be made of it. The only point to be remembered is that Saukhkara reigned about 2500 B. C. (Brugsch), so that long and adventurous voyages were familiar to the Egyptians, as to their commercial allies, nearly 500 years before the forefathers of the Hebrews had made their escape from Ur of the Chaldeans. As this southern commerce was kept up by the Egyptians throughout the entire remaining period of their national existence, there is no reason why they, or at least the seamen they employed, should have failed to explore the entire East African coast.

The problem as presented in the interesting ecord of Mr. Bent's explorations is simple enough. Throughout the region included between seventeenth and twenty-third parallels of south latitude and the twenty-eighth and thirty-second meridians of east longitude there are frequently to be found not merely mines from which gold was taken by some unknown people at some unknown time in the past, but also the ruins of fortresses so massive and well built that they have withstood the tempests and the tropical growths of centuries. It is impossible to suppose that these works, the mines and the fortresses, should have been the work of tribes such as inhabit the country at the present day, though there is no telling how great the fufluence may have been which the original goldhunting, fortress-building race may have exerted on the savages by whom they were surrounded The conditions are of a kind also to preclude any dispute like the one which has arisen among ogists, archaeologists and comparative philologists over the origin of the Aryans, for it is a physical impossibility that the prehistoric race which inhabited Mashonaland could have come from the South, the East or the West. invasion must have been from the North, and, considering the fact that human migrations are subject to the universal law of motion along the line of least resistance, it is most likely to have been by sea. This probability that the movement was by

sea suggests a line of investigation which Mr. Swan, the cartographer and general scientist o Mr. Bent's expedition, regrets that he had not the time to pursue. It is obvious that if the coast of Africa alongside the highlands where the ruins are found had been in prehistoric times what it is now, a wide stretch of fever-breeding alluvium, the prehistoric invaders would have had as much difficulty to reach the old region as has been experienced in modern times. Practically it has taken 400 years for Europeans to establish themselves in a country which coastwise has been familiar ever since the first voyages of the Portuguese, The Portuguese, as Mr. Bent shows, though they heard much of the strange ruins in the interior, were never able in the times of their supremacy to reach them. What particulars they had, mostly fabulous, were derived from the Arabs, who had been from time immemorial the traders of Africa. To ascend the sluggish rivers in the lowlands to points convenient for trade was all that the Portugues could accomplish; nor is it likely that the prehistoric navigators would have done more. But it is plain that their task was a far lighter one. The imagination must go back to a time when the deposits from the rivers had not begun to encroach on the sea, or had encroached but little. In the valley of the Pungwe River this alluvial deposit forms a flat, deadly stretch of sixty-five miles. Approximately we may be sure that when the prehistoric gold workers found their way to Mashonaland the coast, line was at this point sixty-five miles nearer the granite mounds which are now crowned by their strange forts. "I am sorry," writes Mr. Swan, "that in the rush to the coast I did not have time to collect data to enable me to form any idea of the quantity of mud deposits from the waters of the Pungwe in a given time, but its waters hold in suspension a great quantity of fine clay derived from the decomposition of the granite in its basin, and this is deposited where the river enters the sea." The ports from which the prehistoric miners shipped their treasure must have been at points now far inland. An estimate such as Mr. Swan suggests would furnish the basis for calculating not only the antiquity of the ruins, but for exploring the lowlands in search of towns, the centres of a commerce which the gold country in the rear rendered profitable. Gold-digging was not child's play with those prehistoric inhabitants of Mushenaland. Speaking of the Mazoe Valley near Fort Salisbury, where the English have undertaken to complete the work of the ancients, Mr. Bent says:

complete the work of the ancients. Mr. Bent says:

The first set of old workings which we visited consisted of rows of vertical shafts, now filled up with rubbish, sunk along the edge of the auriferous reef, and presumably, from instances we saw later, communicating with one another by horizontal shafts below. We saw also several instances of sloping and horizontal shafts, all pointing to considerable engineering skill. It must have been ages since these shafts were worked, for they are all filled nearly to the surface with debris, and huge machabel trees, the largest in the vicinity, are growing out of them. worked, for they are all filled nearly to the surface with debris, and huge machabel trees, the largest in the vicinity, are growing out of them. We then proceeded to visit some old workings about a mile and half off on the nill slopes. One vertical shaft had been cleared out, and it was fifty-five feet deep. Down this we went with considerable difficulty, and saw for ourselves the ancient tool-marks and the smaller horizontal shafts which connected the various holes bored into the gold-bearing quartz. I am told that near Hartley Hills some of these old workings go down even to a greater depth, and that one has been cleared out to the depth of eighty feet, proving incontestably that the ancient workers of these mines were not content with mere surface work, and followed the reef with the skill of a modern miner. All about here the ground is honeycombed with old shafts of a similar nature, indicated now by small round depressions in straight lines along the reef where different shafts had been sunk; in fact, the output of gold in centuries long gone must have been enormous.

The connection between the ancient mines and the deserted fortresses is not clear at the first glance, for the latter are frequently, if not

the country is the innumerable odd-shaped granite hills which some convulsion of the earth's crust has forced up through the overlying strata. These low, solitary peaks were chosen by the prehistoric miners as their places of residence, and they strengthened the natural advantages of their position with the most elaborate defensive structures. Mr. Bent supposes that the care they took in this matter was due to the fact that they were few in a country populated by their natural enemies, the natives. But certainly no modern colony, though few, would deem it necessary to build walls thirty feet high, and almost half as thick, of solid granite, to repel any savages, no matter how crafty. Possibly he might add to his hypothesis the conjecture that the vast mass of the population under the control of the lords of these castles on the hilltops were slaves forced to labor in the mines. In the course of time such a servile race could not fail to become practically as intelligent and as capable of using arms as their masters. Against such men, irritated by ages of suffering, the oppressor would find the best defences none too good. On the other hand, when one remembers how architecture ran riot in Egypt and Mesopotamia, one wonders whether any explanation of the massiveness of the Mashonaland structures is necessary beyond the historic fact that the rage for such things affected civilized men in Asia and Africa about the same period. There is a fact about the fortresses, not to mention the vast extent of the gold diggings which shows that the builders had long experience in the land where they settled. They were familiar with the manufacture and use of cement, for they made concrete pavements of powdered granite that have resisted all the ravages of time, but when they set about building their walls they rejected mortar, and placed the dry granite bricks so skilfully that to this day hardly a plant can find a crack to cling in. Only when some baobab tree has forced its huge bulk up from below has the wall been destroyed by plant life. Such trees are not uncommon in these walls, and if the scientific dispute is ever settled as to their period of growth they may furnish criteria respecting the antiquity of the structures which they have demolished. A curious feature of the walls is that the

blocks of granite used in them are hardly larger than ordinary bricks. Mr. Bent infers from this fact that the builders had been accustomed to the use of bricks in their native country. If they had gone from Egypt, that land of expert quarrymen, they would surely have known how to cut and handle huge blocks even of the hardest stone. The method they adopted marks them rather as related to the people of the Euphrates Valley. Mr. Bent's inference, however, may not be correct. These men were miners, not quarrymen, and the tools they possessed may have been adapted only to working mall pieces of rock. This conjecture is strengthened rather than otherwise by relics of ancient tools obtained by the explorers, and figured in the illustrations of their book. The smallness of the blocks used rendered the task of the ancient builders the more difficult and their success the more wonderful. Among the most remarkable of their work is what the explorers call the temple and fortress at Zimbabwe, not far from Fort Victoria. The temple, standing at the foot of the hill, is an irregular ellipse, with walls that in places are still thirty feet high. The interior is a labyrinth of narrow passages, through which the ancient worshipper had to make his way to the open space where stood the altar and near it two conical solid towers of stone. The larger of these towers had a diameter exactly equal to the circumference of the smaller one, and on this fact Mr. Swan bases an argument to show that the various curves of the whole structure were carefully proportioned to each other, with a view to the movements of the heavenly bodies, particularly the sun. The outer wall is marked also by an ornamental pattern between the two extremes reached by the sun's rays at his rising in the winter and summer solstices. A pattern of a similar kind marks the corresponding portion of a wall on the hilltop which surrounds ar altar place. A portion of the walled passageway from the temple to the acropolis is still preserved. The builders made use of a narrow cleft in the granite mound, and their superfluous industry is shown in the traverses and buttresses they made, and the care they took to fill up chance cavities in the living rock with masonry. The approach of an enemy to the summit of the hill was made practically impossible; but even if he reached it he only encountered more walls and bewildering passage

ways from which his own escape was hopeless. In the most remote recesses of the fortress was the place where the gold was melted, and here the explorers were lucky enough to find some small clay crucibles used by the unknown refiners. From these, fortresses the gold was transported, Mr. Pent suggests, to Sabaca, the inhabitants of which were allied, not only by race, but in commerce, with the Phoenicians. Ancient Mashonaland was but one of the contributors to the treasures of that corner of Arabia, which enriched Egypt and Solomon and Rome in turn, and the ancient invaders of Mashonaland were sun-worshipping Semites.

And now, if any one finds a striking parallel between Kaffir folk-lore and that of Egypt or the Semitic races, he would do well to think twice before he speaks of it as accidental. problem of human evolution may after all be distoric, not organic.

## TWO GIRL-TRAVELLERS.

A JOURNEY AMONG THE MAGYARS.

GARY. By Margaret Fletcher. With illustrations by Rose Le Quesne. 12mo, pp. 248. Macmilian & Co.

The world is certainly moving when ore finds two English girls wandering off by themselves in so little frequented a country as Hungary, and throwing themselves upon the chivalry and hospitality of the gallant Magyars with a coolness and self-possession altogether worthy of a couple of live Yankees. It may indeed be surmised that so distant an expedition into a region so little understood must have been a severe tes of the courage of these adventurous young ladies But they stood it bravely, and it turned out to be like those formidable appearances in the old fairy tales, which, while dreadful to the sight, vanished away before the bold advance of the predestined here of the high emprise. For, in simple truth, the experience of these two travellers was of a kind to encourage both them and others to repeat the rash experiment, and even to keep on repeating it. In short, they were everywhere received and entertained and cared for with the utmost kindness and hospitality and thoughtful consideration and lavish profusion, and the various ways in which Magyar kindheart edness was exhibited constitute, to our thinking

the most distinctive charm of their narrative.

For it is to be observed that these simple Magyars were never content with paying mere lip-service to their guests. On the contrary, they put themselves to all manner of inconvenience and trouble in order to forward the wishes of the travellers. If they deemed it advisable they would leave their homes, their families, their business and travel hundreds of miles as escorts They passed the girls on from one to another among the magnates, planned all their routes in advance, furnished them with introductions to influential people, saw to their conveyance, had them looked after carefully on the railways, say to it that they were properly served at the hotels-and in fact did everything that it was possible to do for them. It must be further observed that the two young artists were poorly equipped for the kind of exploration they ha embarked upon, for they knew only a little French and German, and more than half the time they were among people who did not understand either of those languages. If therefore the Magyars had not taken all this care of them

majority.

For the greater part of the time, however, they travelled in ideal irresponsibility, if not always in ideal comfort. There are some drawbacks to travel over the great plains of Hungary, as, for instance, a plague of dust in the summer. The monotony and stillness of the great plains resemble those of the Russian steppes. There are such immense plains, too, in the central region of Caltfornia, and they tinge life in the far West, as Mr. Hamlin Garland's fiction clearly indicates. But the true Hungarians, though they have their moody side, are a race largely compact of fire, Oriental in the intensity of their emotions, but Occidental in many of their most sterling qualities. Miss Fletcher and her friend met opportunities of observing Magyar domesticity such as criticism were to be made upon the book, it might be charming picture is presented by them. Their experiences ranged from ancient and majestic blunders, red-tape stapidities and the like sources of eastles, centuries old, and still retaining in the external aspects of their life many traces of feudalism, to humble dwellings, not much better than those of the peasantry, but occupied by people of noble blood and lofty pride.

Everywhere the salient traits which they encountered were hospitality, courtesy and gentleness. Everywhere they were welcomed to the best their hosts could bestow upon them. Everywhere their desires and interests were made para-The travellers observed one curious mount. thing, namely, that among the Magyar nobles the men were better educated than the women. The latter cleave to the old habits and customs never caring to leave their ancestral homes. The men travel far and wide, and the friction of change and novelty polishes them and gives them a larger worldly experience. Both men an women are delightful in many ways, but the de siecle' English girls seem to have thought the Magyar dames just a trifle slow. Ferhaps they are, and perhaps even they are none the worse for being so. Of course the national dancethe czardes-comes in for plenty of discussion and Miss Fletcher is not behind Mr. Bigelow in the expression of her admiration for it, and for the spontaneity with which the Hungarians dance

it. Of course, too, the Tziganes have to be con sidered, but Miss Fletcher is not very sure of her footing in attempting to explain the source of that peculiar people. Thus she says vaguely that they are "Indians," but what does she mean by the term? People of India, or what we call Indians, which is quite a different matter? This the reader must puzzle out for himself,

or pass the question over as insoluble. The facremains that the Tziganes are mysterious and wonderful as regards their music. Through the latter they appear to have a powerful hold upon the Hungarians, who cannot, or do not try to break the spell. Miss Fletcher declares that both gypsy men and women have a most extra ordinary eye power, and that the women are quite fatal in their fascinations. She also remarks that the gypsy music can never be heard at its best out of Hungary, inasmuch as the sympathy between players and audience has a great deal to de with its fluent evolution. Met by coldness, the Tziganes shrink within themselves, and their playing becomes perfunctory and Before they can expand and be themselves : perfect "rapport" must be established between them and their heaters. This is always the case in Hungary, but of course not so in strangountries, to which the passionate, undiscipline and strongly psychical music of the Triganes i new. Miss Fletcher and her friend danceoften to the gypsy melodies, and enjoyed themselves in a thoroughly healthy, cosmopolitan way As to the sketches with which Le Quesne has illustrated this interesting volume perhaps the less said about them the better For they are not strikingly artistic, and they are made with a pervading carelessness and in completeness calculated rather to aggravate readers who like to know precisely what it is that they are invited to look upon. But in all other respects Miss Fletcher's modest account of her travels in Hungary will be found genuinely entertaining, and presenting often quite new views of a highly attractive and interesting

## A FORECAST OF WAR.

SOME CLEVER GUESSES OF CLEVER MEN.

THE GREAT WAR OF 185-. A Forecast. By Rear-Admired P. Calomb, Colonel J. F. Maurice, R. A., Captain F. N. Maude, Archibaid Fories, Charles Lowe, D. Christie Murray and F. Scoulamore, Hiustrated by F. Villiers, Syo, pp. 30s. London: William Heinemann.

This handsome volume appears to have officers of the English services, war corresponden journalists and writers of fiction. Its first appearance was in serial form in the pages of the London bold speculation attracted so much attention that it has very properly been republished in a more perma nent shape. Of course such a work cannot possess very serious or real importance, no matter what the experience and ability of the writers, and for the best of reasons. The statesman who observed that "it is the unexpected that happens" (the saying has be ascribed to the first Napoleon, and probably to twenty other people both before and since his time) was a shrewd and an accurate observer. men have in the past laid plans deeply and craftlly. Many have undertaken to arrange wars to suit their own interests, many have discomfited their enemies on paper; but where is the man, no matter how gifted, who has succeeded in his forecasts?

Perhaps Napoleon Bonaparte came as near to success as any, but what irreparable disaster lay is walt for him! Nor is it to the purpose to say that his fall was due rather to physical than mental fal ure. It is true that disease did much to weaken his wonderful genius at the last, but that also was part of the conditions under which he worked; and, morever, his headlong career had so drained his country of her best blood that collapse from exhaustion must have come eventually, even without the accelerating impulse of the Russian campaign. But the career of Napoleon was a great tragedy—less for himself than for those whose fortunes were bound up with his; and fortunately we have here to do only with the clever guesses of clever men, who are able to guess plausibly because they are well informed—that is, as general information goes—on the course and tenden-cles of European affairs. Yet even so, it cannot but e remembered that all recent great men have taken the world and the world's rulers by surprise. In 1570 no doubt Germany was ready; and France thought herself prepared, though the event proved that the corruption which permeated the Second Empire had paralyzed her military arm and led her into dreadful miscalculations of her strength and preparations for the field. But though all the world had been vigilantly observing the situation, when the crisis came it amazed all the onlookers, and so probably it will be when the next great war opens.

All, then, that we are called upon to see in this collocation of talent is a very adroitly and interest ingly constructed speculation, which both in its incidents and conclusions will most probably be very far indeed from the facts of history. Sir Charles Dilke, indeed, who is a very keen observer, insists that there will be no European war in the nineties; but to make such a prediction is rash at the present juncture, and certainly the pence of Europe has not become more assured by the astonishing events of the past few months. Our collaborators in the work before us appear to have forecast with no little canning in placing the outbreak of the next war in Bulgaria, and all the preliminaries have been arranged in a most natural manner, so that the spread of the war, as it is made to involve England, Russia, Germany, France, Italy and Turkey, appears in no respect to violate the probabilities, but in fact to harmonize with them in a highly realistic manner.

The story of the next great war is told as in the letters of special correspondents with the various armies, and as most of the writers are familiar with real warfare their sketches and narratives are ex-tremely vivid and truth-seeming, while the illustrations of Mr. Villiers are throughout graphic and appropriate. Of course there has to be a great naval battle, in which France and Russia face England and Germany, but for a time this meeting does not result in collision. The so-called Battle of Sardinia witnesses the total defeat of the French and Russlans, after a desperate and titanic struggle, in which the beaten at first, but presently produce a general who succeeds in inflighing a heavy defeat upon Germany,

black looks and some rudeness from the ignorant | But in the mean time Russia has been beaten in Asia Minor and elsewhere by the English, and her finances are exhausted. France, too, is crippled, both as regards money and by the intrigues of the Anarchists and Socialists. There is another of the old-fashioned uprisings and the Paris Government is upset. With Germany, Italy and England all united against her, she is unable to maintain the anequal contest, and peace is finally made, leaving the general situation little changed for the better, though of course there

has been abundance of slaughter all over Europe. okeless Lowder, balloons discharging imme dynamite shells, elevated electric searchlights making successful night attacks impossible, and all the newest ideas both in military and naval warfare are employed in these pages, and the fighting is scattered all over the world, though India escapes the endeavors of the Russians to incite the people to another rebellion against the English rulers. If any have fallen to the lot of few travellers, and a to the effect that the English operations generally are described as being more free from mischievou disaster than they ever have been in the past. too, some may think that Lord Wolseley is credited with a military genius no touch of which is to be discovered in his actual record. at such details would be giving the book too serious treatment. It is enough to say that the collaboration s very well done, that the narrative is altogether credible, and that when, or if, war comes it will no loubt be interesting to re-examine this forecast in the light of the facts themselves.

# NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

THE NEW BALZAC TRANSLATION.

THE CHOUANS. By Honore de Balzac. Translated Katharine Prescott Wormele, ston: Roberts Brothers. POCAHONTAS. By John R. Musick, Blustrated. 12mc, pp. 366. Funk and Wagnalls Co. WHEN I LIVED IN BOHEMIA. By Fergus Hume Hustrated by C. W. Hallward. 12mo, pp. 342

Hustrated by C. Talt, Sons & Co. A PRINCESS OF FIJI. By William Churchill, 12mo, pp. 351 Dodd, Mead & Co. MILLEROOK ROMANCE AND OTHER TALES By A. L. Donaldson, 12mo, pp. 155. Thomas Whittaker

TRITTH IN FICTION. By Paul Carus. 12mo, pp. 111. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.
THE ADVENITIRES OF JEAN PAS-PLUS. By the Marquis of Lorse. 10mo, pp. 101. Lovell, Coryell & Co.

AUNT LIEFY. By Annie Trumbull Slosson. Illus-trated by G. F. Randolph. 16mo, pp. 50. Auson D. F. Randolph & Co.

"The Chousns" was Balzac's first successful novel and it is curious to observe how wide is the difference etween it and the ten romances with which he served is apprenticeship to letters. In these latter there is hardly an indication of genius. They are wholly east on the old models, are filled with utterly un realistic sentiment and sensationalism of the Anne Redeliffe type, and certainly fully deserved the neglecand contempt they experienced. But in "The Chonans" all this first bad manner was dropped, and ropped finally; and the characteristics which were to distinguish the great writer appeared in full derelepment. This, his first real novel, must always te held one of his best. Its spirit is thoroughly in one with the stormy period it treats of. The author has caught the historical color and all the Breton pecultarities, and has made a study which is powerful and fascinating. Of course, too, every reader must serielve that Victor Hugo "conveyed" plandes and ideas of "Ninety three" from Balzne's book and he did not better them in the appropriation. But zac's "Chouse's" in fact is a eleverer work than Hugo's, and even truer to the "millen." It has been trans-lated several times, and last, if we mistake not, by leorge Saintsbury; but Miss Wormeley's version need fear no comparison, for it is easily, and so always the best extant. This novel shows that Balzac, had se given his mind to it, could have produced an incomparable series of historical romances, but his anvas was too large to be bounded by one faculty nd he gave the world, in the "Comedie Humaine the greatest gift he could have bestowed upon it.

Mr. Musick is carrying out his plan of a series of clumbian historical novels, and has reached the story of Possiontes, which he treats in the conventions anner. The term " historical" has, of course, scarcely any relation to such a composition, and it is some hat over-bold to employ it. An author who gravel nd as solemaly maintains the pleasing but basele ought to say as little as possible about history but forward as pure fiction almost anything may b centured, but when the words "historical novel" are red the candid minded reader is apt to look for n east some pretence of adherence to realities. smith himself is scarcely less transmogrified than Pocahontas, and Rolfe has "suffered a sea change passably interesting thing has been constructed, but there is really no good reason why such stuff should rising generation, to say the

est, as genuine history. pelled to regard these confidences as largely auto-stographical), he appears to have had a very unlucks aperience; and the same might be said of nearly al these pages. Of course Murger's book furnished the rough model for his volume. It is Murger without his awiconess, however: Murger toned down to the requirements of the "young person," save in one or two to sprightly and entertaining as the Partsian model According to the author all the young Behemians wil grief, or were only rescued from slow starvation by glad to return to his father's home, and of those friends who had no fathers to retire upon some die o tarvation and others simply disappear. Despite the flustrations, which are lively, the impression produces masmuch as nobody ever was or ever will be deterred from exploiting Boliemia by a recitae of the terrors

"A Princess of Figt" is an account, apparently at first hand, of life in the cannibal island some fifty years ago, when cannibalism really was maintained very generally. Of course there is a love affair, in which the Princess of Fijl figures, and she is repre sented in a comparatively realistic way, though ne essarily idealized to some extent. acquaintance with Fiji folk-lore and customs is evi-dently considerable, and, apart from the interest of the story, much information on these subjects will be found

in the book. The short stories of Mr. Donaldson are of a type which reminds us of the tales which used to appear in the old annuals. They were born out of due time and to be plain, there is no very apparent reason why they should have been born at all, for the in terest attached to each and all of them is of the

"twelve stories with a moral"; whether he only allows one moral to the twelve is, however, not quite clear. with morals are, it need hardly be said, de testable both on general and on particular principle Miss Martineau alone could make such stories pass and she did it by infusing into them the interest o Betlon. This Mr. Carus clearly does not know how to do, and the painful result is that his twelve storie are each, if that be possible, more clumsy, stupid and dull than the other. He should stick to his last, and give the world as much of his philosophy as it feel

The Marquis of Lorne's story, "The Adventures of John Pus-Plus," is not of a character to raise the general estimate of the noble literary requirements sooth to say, it is dreary. The young Canadian hero, who being captured by the Indians is reared amon their children, and becomes a tribal chieftain, is, not withstanding some curious adventures, distinctly no interesting. One reason of this is that there nothing real about him. He does not know he one reason of this is that there i tell his story so as to fix the attention of his hearers. He is long-winded, prosy, and sentimental after an obsolete fashion.

The author of "Fishin' Jimmy" has written, in "Aunt Liefy," another short story which is a clever character study, though it violates all the probabilities somewhat audaciously in producing the chain of cir cumstances by which "Miss Staples" came to be con-verted into "Aunt Liefy." The story, however, is good enough to be its own justification, and it cannot but please the majority of readers.

From The Baltimore Sun.

From The Baltimore Sun.

Arthur Sinclair, who was a fleutement on the Confederate cruber Alebama, has presented at "The Sun" office a valuable relic in connection with the famous vesse. It is a photograph showing the middle section of the spar deck. The vessel is couling, beats are swung on their daths, hammock cloths are handel over the neitings as a protection from coal dust, and the battery is run in to allow the coal barge to rite alongside in safety. This picture was taken at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, and incudes gictures of Lieutenants Richard F. Armstrong and Arthur Sinclair. They are represented

as leaning against a gun of the third division, while in the background is a Hottentot laundryman awaiting the wayn clothes of the above officers. This is one of the few mementoes of the gruiser in existence. Another is the one-hundred-pounder percussion shell which was embedded in the quarter of the Kearsarge in the memorable engagement of Cherbourg in June, 1864, and said to be preserved in a section of the original vessel at Washington. The history of the preservation of this photograph is as follows: Preparations were being made for the fight with the Kearsarge, which was to take place just after moon. Captain schmes had sent a message to the officers stating the money chest of the vessel was to be landed in care of the express, and if any wished to write to friends or deposit valuables they could do so. Heatenant Sinclair sent on shore this picture of himself, with a letter addressed to his home. The letter was afterward destroyed, but the photo was preserved. Only recently was Lieutenant Sinclair's attention called to its existence. Though thirty years old, the picture is in a good state of preservation. Nothing was saved from the vessel, as the officers and crew had to strip and swim for their lives.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Kipling's newest work is to be printed in "The Youth's Companion." It is a story of his boyhood.

Mr. Bret Harte is at work on several stories-enough to keep him busy for a year to come. He has just completed an American story-not an English one, for, though he lives in England, he does not propose to deal with English life. "No," he says, "let English people write of English and Americans of America. There is any amount of material in America to be vorked into fiction, if Americans would only write. To write what you have lived is, to begin with, one ecret of success." Mr. Harte thinks that the fiction of the Civil War is almost all to write, and that the American novelist is to find his great field there. His novel, "Sally Dows," now in course of serial publication, is the first of several stories in which he intendto treat the domestic side of the war.

Swinburne is writing a poem on Grace Darling, much to the delight of the hotel keepers in the vicinity of the scene of the heroine's exploit.

T. R. Pynchon, ex-president of Trinity College, has just become the happy possessor of one of the two copies of the heretical "Pyncheon book," now known be in existence. The other copy is in the Lenox Library.

One who knew Tennyson intimates that the poet them well. did not look back on "The Princess" with unmixed satisfaction. He once said in late years that he sometimes regretted having put such finished effort into a etting which he calls "a medley." This, his friend to be sold at auction next Friday night-and it prove thinks, is implied in the lines : how much he owes his success to the fact that he has

Then rose a little feud between the two, Betwixt the mockers and the realists; And I, betwixt them both, to please them both, And yet to give the story as it rose, I moved as in a strange diagonal, And maybe neither pleased myself nor them.

An authorized translation of all that part of the cond volume of Ten Brink's "Geschichte der Engschen Literatur" that had appeared before author's death is announced for immediate publication by Holt. The centre of interest in this portion of he work, as perhaps in the whole, is Chancer, though the period embraced includes also Wyclif, the earliest frama and the Renaissance. The translation by Dr. W. C. Robinson has had the benefit of Professor Ten Brink's critical revision. It will be issued in miform style with the first volume, which appeared everal years ago.

Emile Zola asserts that, with the exception of Hayamans and de Maupassant, the only original writer iong the newer French novelists is Paul Bourget. De Maupassant, by the way, is getting better; he is dimer, his memory appears to be returning and his oments of lucidity are more frequent,

William Watson, the insane poet, is also reported o be improving, and it is thought that he will entirely

An English translation of the complete povels of Turgenieff is said to be in progress in England, Steptiak is to furnish an introductory essay to each vol-

The great-granddaughter of Robert Burns, Jean Armour Burns Brown, whom the World's Fair managers hope to coax to Chicago this year, is a young woman of twenty or less, and is said to strongly esemble her famous ancestor. She lives in Dumries, mar the place in which Burns died. of the poet was recently unveiled there. She sat on blance was observed to exist between her face and the bronze that the multitude set up a cheer.

Its title is to be "The Well at the World's End."

tefence of Professor Briggs made in the lately conluded ecclestastical trial. Walter Besant's new novel bears the picturesque

tile of "The Rebel Queen." It is coming out serially

pines for it when away from Aulestad, his favorite nan elsewhere. His farmhouse is large and taste-fully furnished, and in the summer he entertains ex-

## PIERRE LOTI AND CARMEN SYLVA.

THE SAILOR-NOVELEST TELLS OF THE LOVE STORY AT THE COURT OF RUMANIA.

Pierre Loti, the French satior-novelist, is an enadmirer of the unfortunate "Carmon Sylva, Queen of Rumania." In the happy days before her Majesty's disappointment and filness no guest was more welcome at Bucharest and Sinah than the famous author of "Un Pechenr d'Islande." "Temps" recently was a series of extracts from the first of those articles which Lott is to publish in the Nouvelle Revue" under the head of "Une Exilee." This work of the academician has the misfortune of the Queen as a theme, and Loti paints in flattering colors the portrait of Her Majesty. He has also much sympathy for Mile. Vacarescu, who for a few months dreamed of herself as the successor of the poetess Queen on the far Eastern throne.

"At the side of the Crown Prince on that evening," writes Loti among other things, "at a small family gathering, sat Helene. From this propinquity sprang that feeling which was so easy to foresee. That a young Prince of twenty-four years, held strictly alsof from the pleasures of men of his age, living an intellectual life and performing military duties, should fall in love with a lively, clever girl-the only one. moreover, with whom he could become acquainted at his home-was the simplest thing in the world. This love which was developed there was simple and honorable. And the thought of marriage, however contrary to the rules of etiquette, naturally forced itself upon a young man who, as the Crown Frince, had been trought up in a puritanical way and was surrounded with the best influences. Mile, Helene was, moreover, not of that kind to awaken ephemeral feelings of love, but was created to awaken such feelings gradually and to keep them alive by her ever active mind." A year later Loti met the Queen in Venice. "At

her teet, on a taburet," he writes, "was Mile, Helene, a speited child, in a rose-colored dress, the dark eye still lively and plereing. She seemed anxious from her actions to play the fond child of this worthy mother. I have noticed at other thates, when the gallery was lacking, that she was colder and more reerved in her treatment of the Queen. That is not said to upbraid Mile. Helene; so few women have the capability to be themselves without a little pesing, without the unconscious thought of the effect. I do not doubt that she had an honest affection for this adopted mother, and that she shed genuine tears when the was obliged to leave her forever."

The Queen," continues Lott, " said to me, smiling: 'We are, as you know, the exiles of Venice.' added in accents sad: 'We are even, as some say, a small group of revolters against Europe.' I must here describe the position which Helene at this time had at the Court of Rumania. I had left her as a simple indy-in-waiting to the Queen, and met her again as the bride of the Crown Prince. It is true that the Chambers had never given their consent to this engagement and that the King had withdrawn his permission. But there had been no break in the relations; the Prince had not taken back his word to Mile, Helene, his letters of the engagement ring. The Queen, who so dearly wished the marriage of her two adopted children and had thereby fallen into distavor with her people, had not given up hope."

Her Majesty at this time also spoke with Lott regarding her latest work, "Le Livre de L'Ame." The author continues: "I must remind you," added the Queen, that it is the work of a foot. And with her beautiful hand, so thin that it was almost transparent, she drew two or three circles in the air above her head to show-laughing-that people had said that her head was in a whirl. And it was true that some persons tried to spread the report that the Queen had lost her reason. the Court of Rumania. I had left her as a simple

THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS.

PROSPECTIVE EVENTS-PICTURES BY MR. REM INGTON-MR. HOPKINSON SMITH'S VENE-TIAN STUDIES.

The Spring Academy will be opened to the public on Monday, March 27, and will last until Saturday, May 13. According to the circular just issued works will be received at the Academy of Design from Thursday, March 2, to Saturday, March 4, inclusive, As usual there will be five prizes offered for competition, that of \$300, founded by T. B. Clarke; the three of \$300, \$200 and \$100, each founded by Julius Hall. garten, and the Norman W. Dodge prize, for women, of \$300. The Union League Club holds its monthly exhibition this week. At the Fine Arts Society's building the interesting exhibition of the Architectural League continues and should not be neglected. The architectural and decorative departments are both well filled. Other current exhibitions are discussed below. At Wunderlich's, toward the end of the month there will be shown a group of etchings made from scenes in "the country of Burns" by David Law

The exhibition of the New-York Water Color Club at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries closed last night to give place to the exhibition of works by twelve American artists which has already been announced and will be opened next Tuesday. The attendance at the water color show has been fair. The sales have been few-less than forty pictures altogether. the sales previously recorded the following may be added: "A Villa in Bermuda," by Roys Turner, \$150; "Chrysanthemums," by Emily Stade, \$75; "Reverta" by L. R. Wiles, \$125; "Breaking Away," by L. C. antels, \$25; "Morning Lights," by W. F. Brooks, \$20; "Hemlocks and Snow," by W. L. Palmer, \$75; "Roofs," by R. F. Bunner, \$25; "Good Morning," by E. Van Gorder, \$35. Total of sales made since the pening day, \$1,795. America is indebted to Mr. Frederic Remington;

the note of her Western frontier types. He has drawn

the portraits of the typical soldiers, Indians, cow.

trappings of these picturesque adventurers he has

made really familiar to the East. At the American

Art Galleries a collection of his works is on exhibition-

The features, the carriage and the

drawn the portraits to which we refer and not, in the last sense of the word, painted them. There are nearly forty oil paintings on the walls and more than a score of water colors. The actual drawing number only thirty-two. But the qualities which make Mr. Remington's work worthy are qualities of draughtsmanship. His color is dry and opaque, there is nothing artistic in his textures, nor is there personal feeling in his brushing, and there is not one of his paintings which would not look as well, if not better, in a black and white reproduction made on a smaller Consider his pictures, in fact, as designs made for reproduction and their strength is instantly apparent. By exhibiting them as he does Mr. Remington practically asks to have them judged as paintings venture to question his wisdom in doing so, for, although he has worked in color for some time and has figured in many an exhibition, his province is that of the black and white illustrator, not that of the painter of easel pictures. Of course an illustrator, and especially one as enterprising as Mr. Remington, could not be expected to recognize his limitations Color is one of the greatest fascinations in the world and the illustrator is not only ambitious but human. To find him at his best, however, it is necessary to keep in mind his special faculties. Mr. Reming ton's faculties are for the delinention of details, details of form, of feature and of costume, and the representation of animate bodies in motion. Possibly he has studied Muybridge. But his plunging horses, with their energetic riders, give an impression as of having been done from life. These pictures are extmordinarily realistic, and the details, we repeat, are exact, yes their truth provokes no suspiction of the camera's having been used. The freedom and synthetic effect of No. 53, "Breaking a Broncho"; No. 50, "Heading the Drove," and No. 48, "A Buck Jumper," are suggestive of observation, not of mechanical pottering over strained attitudes. Mr. Remingon has studied his models closely-there is a collection of spurs, snowshoes, weapons and similar objects shown with the pictures to point to the carefulness of his work-and his pictures are convincing. Whether he paints the Mexican, as in Nos. 56, 63 and 41, the aborigine, as in Nos. 46 and 37 (the latter an illustration of a curious custom), or the hard-featured white man of The Scribners have issued in pamphlet form the the plains, as in Nos. 30, 36, 64 and 62, he manages to present a distinct, racy type. His oil studies of Prussian military men are equally clever, and his water colors of the latter are even better. The seven or eight studies made in Berlin are inimitable. They pleted his slatieth year, is devoted to farm life, and panes for it when away from the control of the control o than the oils, the black and whites are better than either of the former. In studies like No. 90, "A breed," and No. 80, "The Old Squaw," Mr. Reming-ton is in his most natural and most serviceable vein. He knows his medium, he knows his subject, and the result is satisfying in itself and perfectly adapted to reproduction. Most of the black and whites are the priginals of the illustrations published in the recent edition of Mr. Parkman's "Oregon Trail." Remington's collection being a small one, the galleries contain other objects to be sold at auction this week. A considerable quantity of the Kawashima textiles lately touched upon in The Tribune are shown; Mr. Fukashima, of the Japanese Trading Company, takes this opportunity to dispose of a large number of Japanese and Chinese porcelains, articles in metal, ivories and lacquers, and there are seven paintings by a Japanese artist, Mr. Noric Komori, who has the minuteness characteristic of his nation and a sense of relief and modelling picked up in this country. The subjects are interesting scenes from native life. The execution is thorough and refined, but not uncommon or particularly pleasing. Mr. Hopkinson Smith seems inclined to continue

his Venetian studies. Last year he made a good ex-hibition at Avery's of a summer's work on the canals, and now at the same gallery he hangs fifty more water colors of the loveltest of all European cities. He is one of the few whose Venetian pictures are purely Venetian. His is not a poetic Venice, neither is it spectacular, but like the Venice of Mr. Howelfs it is a Venice whose downright reality is only equalled by its artistic charm and whose charm is the evidence of its reality. We miss effects in him which certain other artists can give us. He does not appear to have ever sought Venice in her splendid, regal moots, for example, as Mr. Bance has sought and fornis her. But while the Venetian strain is susseptible of infinite variations it yet retains its unique character. The key by which Mr. Smith abides is beautiful, its never forces a note. Sharply defined as some of the facts are with which he deals, his touch never has the staccate quality to which those effects might vey cosily have tempted him. No. 11, "High Noon on the kiva," and No. 21, "Along the Riva," are good speciments of the softness of his atmosphere, of the absence of hard either in his studies of light. The silvery and subtle quality of Mr. Smith's atmosphere may be partly ascribed to his analysis of light. The silvery and subtle quality of Mr. Smith's atmosphere may be partly ascribed to his malysis of light effects in the marrow, seeinded canals. We have before pointed out his peculiar appreciation of these regions. Last your he exhibited quite a group of sketches made in the less frequented parts of Venice, and this year he brings forward more material of the same sort, in No. 36, "Behind the Fublic Garden"; No. 50, "A Bright Morning," and No. 31, "Gorden Landing," there are the old-rose waits and the subduet gleam of the placid water which are found only by scarching for them away from the grand canal. If Mr. Smith persists until he has identified his name with these seldom celebrated scenes, seems devoid of architectural picturesqueness as a rule, he will have done well. He has the gift of attaining effect without the aid of especially pictorial motives. This is seen in sketches like No. 10, "A Mooring Ground," and No. 49, "The Fisherman He is one of the few whose Venetian pictures are purely Venetian. His is not a poetic Venice, neither

Another product has reached as of the activity of the society of American Wood Engravers referred to not long ago in this place. Mr. Frank Frank Frank I frank of the society, has sent us a proof of an original engraving entitied "Constants Chines," published for him by Klackner. The engraving represents a graceful young girl, prettily constanted, sianding on a ray within a doorway that looks upon a snewy landscape. Mr. French has a remarkably light though sure touch, and in this engraving he has carried the expression of texture to a degree of fineness that demands warm praise. The composition is good, and the varied, well considered tonality of the block gives it the interest and beauty which are only found in black-and-whites of a superior order. We are glad to see works of this sort published.

The new English edition of "Pablo de Segovia."

The new English edition of "Publo de Segovia."

With Vierge's Illustrations, is too expensive to find its way to the young pen draughtsmen who need it most, but they can form a Vierge collection without the expenditure of much maney. In a recent number of "The Illustrated News of the World" some of the "Publo" curs were reproduced in a review of the new edition of the book; the November "Portfolio" gave a few good reproductions; in "The Art Journal" for December are two more of the designs, and four of them are given in "The Magazine of Art" for Japanary, which we have just received. These periodicals can be bought for less than \$2, and they will furnish material for a useful little Vierge scrapbook, as all the reproductions to which we refer are pretty good.

the probability is that they would have got into serious difficulties. Even as it was they were on end victorious. In the land-fighting the French get usually, some distance from the quartz ledge one occasion, when they happened to be without in which gold may still be found. A feature of excert, mistaken for Russian spics, and encountered